

# Brethren Evangelist

"I Am the Way, the Truth and the Life."—Jesus

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## Editorial

### Preach the Gospel

Some preachers now-a-days imagine that by spicing the Sabbath service with a liberal dose of sensationalism, they will thereby attract the indifferent throng which prefers the newspaper to the sermon. So they announce odd subjects, a very transparent and foolish expedient. They will discourse next Sunday on the Horns of the Devil, or Politics in Heaven or the Location of Hell. They feel the necessity of modernizing the sermon, and so present us with laborious disquisitions on science, or the social era, or the trend of civilization, or the co-operative commonwealth, or some other subject about which they know equally as little. It is all to no purpose, or worse, for while on the one hand the crowd fails to show up, on the other hand the authority and dignity of the pulpit is immeasurably lowered. In vain are these tinsel baits in the sight of the non-church goer. All of these themes and many more besides are brilliantly discussed in his Sunday paper and why should he therefore put himself to much discomfort to get on his Sunday clothes, and go perspiring to church? He can remain at home, cushioned in a soft arm chair, his feet elevated in true American fashion, his cigar curling luxuriant smoke, all the appointments of comfort and ease enveloping his senses, regaling himself upon the rhetorical sentences, gorgeous imagination, and marvelous versatility of the literary hacks who write for the ubiquitous Sunday paper. When he likes he can doze without scandalizing the neighbors; when he likes he can dine, and whatever he likes he can do with delicious freedom from all the oppressive conventionalities of the crowd. These may not be all the considerations which enter into the case, but the fact is transparent that the sensational pulpit is a flat failure. It doesn't fill the "long felt want." The preacher who comes up from the depths of the Gospel to cut fantastic capers among bubbles and foam, makes a mistake which he soon discovers and regrets if he has sense and grace. His true mission is to "preach the Gospel," according to the command. This is not only the salvation of his own soul, and the salvation of others as well, but it is the salvation of his call-

ing. He was "SENT" for this purpose. Now dwell for a moment upon that word sent. It involves a direct commission from the Lord God, and from the "Head of the Church" Jesus Christ, to go into a lost world and—amuse people? Is that it? Think of the starting point of this man whom we call a preacher, where from? From God. "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John," or Jacob, or Samuel, or Peter, or your name, and yours, brother. Now from that beginning your ministry was projected into a world that needs to be, what? polished? reformed? amused? civilized? Worthy objects some of these, but they are not the business of this preacher. As high as heaven is above the earth, so high is his mission above the mission of the mere reformer. That the world may be saved; SAVED. Do you get the weight of this word? Our preacher is to proclaim this salvation thru Jesus Christ, and when the world comes to know that he preaches this salvation, preaches it not stupidly and indifferently as if it were a task, but with all the erudition which industry can lend, and especially with all the irresistible force of that exhaustless enthusiasm which springs from a deep personal experience of that same saving Gospel in his own soul; when the man of the world finds that this Gospel pulpit holds something which no Sunday newspaper contains, a veritably new, exigent, vital message to the deepest depths of his soul, he will be drawn to it. For the most part men are not flippant when they are brought face to face with the line which divides the eternities. There is at such times nothing else besides, but chaff and wind. Your true preacher forces men, all unwillingly upon their part it may be, into the "valley of decision," where the battle of the soul is fought. Preach the Gospel; the Gospel of a personal Saviour, a real cross, an actual resurrection, eternal life. Preach the Gospel; the Gospel of the Holy Spirit, a regeneration, holiness, glory. This Gospel, the instrument of an Infinite Power, working therein and therewith to "bring many sons unto glory," the service of which an Archangel might be proud, is committed to vessels of clay. Magnify your office, and do not belittle it and make it ridiculous with the pitiful trash which a false and foolish expediency suggests to a weak and frivolous mind.